

Dust was everywhere. The wheels of the humvee w as we rolled towards the Ram. We had been out on monotonous hours of driving and handing out water make a difference. The first month of driving, handing more handing out; but it slowly got old. I had not done before we did anything interesting.

After five useless months of patrol after patrol, we we did. We ran some security for some Special Forces higher. "Ye fuckin' rocked that, bro!" The SF ODA commander his beard looking like some thick, brown tumbleweed anyone had said to me; besides that? Jack had happened